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## LOVE IN A COURT.

## A CITY POEM.

You may laugh as you like, old fellow,  
 And think it the rarest of sport,  
 But there's never a lass to my thinking  
 Like Bessie that lives in our court.  
 Oh, I know that she is not a beauty  
 As far as the face may go,  
 And I know that she is not so handsome  
 As many that you might show.  
 But the thought of her, Ned, is a blessing  
 That fills me by night and by day,  
 That keeps me far better and wiser  
 Than ever my tongue can say;  
 And the sight of her, too, is a picture—  
 The trim little bonnet and gown,  
 The tiny feet tripping so lightly,  
 The face looking shyly down;  
 The eyes with their luminous splendor—  
 Ah, lad, they would make you stare—  
 And the sunshine that glimmers and dances,  
 And falls from her yellow hair;  
 The sound of her voice, why, it's music,  
 That thrills like the song of a bird,  
 The sweetest, the best, and the dearest  
 That ever my ears have heard;  
 And the kind little heart, that is beating  
 As truthful as truth may be—  
 Ah, these are the things that have made her  
 The angel she is to me.  
 All day, as I work in my garret,  
 The thought that is balm to my brain,  
 Is the thought that the coming darkness  
 Will bring us together again.  
 For she works, does my pet, in the City,  
 Till blackness comes down on the street,  
 While here, in the dark, at my window  
 I hark for her coming feet;  
 And the sweetest of things is the pressure,  
 The touch of her soft white hand,  
 And the music that tells me the secrets  
 Of all she has thought and planned.  
 I'm only a struggling artist,  
 With little or nothing to boast,  
 You know that my all is a trifle,  
 A guinea or two at the most;  
 That bust of blind Homer in plaster,  
 That Venus there, just by the door,  
 Apollo, the head of an actor,  
 And clay for a thing or two more.  
 But they tell me, old friend, there's a some-  
 thing,  
 A soul in the things I have done,  
 That will bring me both fortune and honor  
 Some day, when the battle's won.  
 So I toil away here in my garret,  
 And dream of the coming day,  
 And strive with an earnest endeavor  
 To fashion my soul in clay;  
 And the shapes, ah, the shapes that will  
 haunt me,  
 Come sweetest and most divine,  
 As the face and the eyes of my darling  
 Rise up in this heart of mine.  
 She's cheery enough in her loneliness,  
 I'm happy enough in my way,  
 Each plodding along for a living,  
 And striving from day to day.  
 It's little of time we have either  
 For things that are tender and sweet,  
 A smile when we part in the morning,  
 A shake of the hand when we meet.  
 Yet sometimes we sit of an evening  
 Outside on the landing stairs,  
 With the noise and the bustle around us,  
 And talk of our poor affairs;  
 And sometimes a vision of glory,  
 A sweetness of long ago,  
 Comes back with a day we remember

Afar where the roses blow;  
 And we hear, as we sit there thinking,  
 The songs of the birds so sweet,  
 And we feel, as we sit there thinking,  
 The grasses beneath our feet,  
 And we see, as we sit there thinking,  
 The fields with their glory of gold;  
 And, Ned, we forget in our thinking  
 That life is so bitter and cold—  
 Forget all the cares and the longings,  
 The strivings for daily bread,  
 Forget all the meanness, the slander,  
 Heaped high on my poor girl's head.  
 And so, in the gathering darkness,  
 I sit with her hand in mine,  
 And wonder, and wonder if ever  
 The day of my dream will shine.  
 There's comfort at times, Ned, there's com-  
 fort,  
 Out, out where the cool winds blow,  
 'Neath the trees in the Park to be lying  
 When the red sun is burning low;  
 For it's then that the face of my darling  
 Looks like what it ever had been,  
 Had she lived in the pleasant country  
 'Mong the flowers and the grasses green;  
 And it's then that her eyes are the brightest,  
 Her music most happy and sweet,  
 And it's then that I long for the fortune  
 To lay at my darling's feet—  
 That I long for the day, and its coming,  
 The joy and the dream of my life,  
 When the battle I fight shall be over,  
 And Bessie shall be my wife;  
 When my arm shall be nerved by her music,  
 My heart by the light of her eyes;  
 For it's Bess, lad, that's keeping the laurels  
 To crown me if ever I rise.

There's a knock at the door, it's the post-  
 man;  
 Why, who can be writing to me?  
 I guess it's some needy old tradesman;  
 Just open the door, Ned, and see.  
 It's neat enough, tinted and scented,  
 A crest and initials in gold;  
 By Jove, but it's making me nervous;  
 Hurrah, Ned, it's sold! it's sold!  
 The figure—the figure of Juno—  
 You know, in Trafalgar Square;  
 Just lend me your hand, Ned, a minute,  
 And give me a mouthful of air.  
 A hundred bright guineas, a hundred,  
 Oh, Bessie, my love, my love!  
 Oh, darling, I know your bright angel  
 Has heard you in heaven above.  
 You'll stay with me, Ned, have a pipeful,  
 We'll talk of this windfall, my friend;  
 Who knows, since I've made the beginning,  
 Where the fame and the fortune may end?  
 There's Bessie: come here to the window;  
 It's dark, but you'll manage to see—  
 There, under the lamp, look, she's standing,  
 She's waving her hand, man, to me.  
 A hundred bright guineas, a hundred!  
 I say, Ned, we'll just have a light;  
 I'll show you the labor of years, man,  
 You'll see my Achilles to-night.  
 There, wait till I get off the wrappings,  
 Prepare for a pleasant surprise;  
 Now then. Ha! my worthy young critic,  
 I thought it would open your eyes.  
 Just look at the curve of the shoulders,  
 Just look at the set of the limb,  
 And see how erect and defiant;  
 Well, what is your notion of him?  
 You like it, you do? well, that's something;  
 But hark, there's a foot on the stair;  
 Stand out of the way, Ned, you villain,  
 There's Bess at the door, I declare.

MATTHIAS BARR.

## ART MATTERS.

It is high time we had a free art gallery in this city. The National Academy unquestionably does much good; but what we want is a collection of pictures that shall be free to the masses, open on all days, and free to all persons. Art galleries are the surest and most direct means by which to instruct the people in the beauties and principles of art; they bring them into closer connection with art, and must, in the natural order of things, improve their minds. Pictures are civilizing, progressive, tending to instruct the people and give them a wider range of thought; lifting them up, to a degree, from the pettinesses of the world to an atmosphere of poetry and imagination. Intrinsically practical as the American people are, they need this lifting up, require something to divert them from the helter skelter race for the almighty dollar in which they are one and all so intently engaged; require, in short, some civilizing medium to do away with the practical business feeling which enters so largely into their composition. The surest way to effect this is by the establishment of free art galleries throughout the country.

The Roys' Art Gallery, now open at 845 Broadway, has for its object this end. The plan proposed is to issue season tickets at one dollar each; when one hundred thousand, or more, of these tickets are sold, the works for distribution will be placed in the hands of a committee of honorably known gentlemen, who shall distribute them among the ticket holders as they may deem equitable, and in accordance with law.

If the one hundred thousand tickets should not be sold prior to December 1st, 1867, then there will be withdrawn, under the direction of said committee, such number of pictures as shall amount in value to the number of tickets remaining unsold.

When the distribution has been made, all receipts above the expenses will be placed in the hands of the committee, as trustees, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the erection and support of a National Free Art Gallery.

Among the pictures to be distributed are Noble's "Slave Mart," and several other celebrated and well known works.

Now here is a plan that appears to be perfectly just and equitable. The managers, knowing the public love of speculation, have adopted the distribution idea, giving every purchaser of season tickets an equal chance to obtain some valuable work of art, and at the same time contribute his mite towards the erection and support of a National Gallery. The movement receives the approbation of all of our most prominent artists, and from the evident fairness of its conception and the good object had in view deserves the

support and encouragement of the people.

Photo-sculpture, an art lately introduced into this country, is attracting considerable attention from its ingenuity and facilities for economising labor. Several specimens of the art are now on exhibition at Putnam's Art Gallery; among others, statuettes of General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Horace Greeley. Viewed from a purely artistic point, they are but poor affairs, lacking in expression, grace, and beauty. The truth is, in sculpture we want something more than a mere representation of the figure—expression, thought, and, to a great extent, ideality. These photo-sculpture does not give us—we have hard, practical statues of the men, in which their coats, boots, and trousers are undoubtedly true to nature, but in the faces we miss that individuality which only the true sculptor can give us—a something that is beyond the power of merely mechanical appliances. Photo-sculpture may be made useful to the statuary in the rougher parts of his work, but in those nicer points of detail and execution, which can only be brought out by the practised hand, it is next to, if not entirely, worthless.

PALETTA.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

After the oasisian delights of "Caste," last week, come the Saharian horrors of a new local drama this. "Under the Gaslight" is the title of "a totally original drama of life and love of the present day and this vicinity," by Augustin Daly, produced at the New York Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Daly is the dramatic editor of some eight or ten New York journals, and from so constantly writing about the drama, would appear to consider himself capable of writing a drama; heretofore, he has dramatized with tolerable success several novels, but "Under the Gaslight" is the first dramatic effort of his prolific pen which purports to be "totally original." It would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Daly's reputation, had he adhered to dramatic criticism.

"Under the Gaslight" is comprised in five acts and tableaux innumerable—there is a young woman who isn't what she appears to be, but is somebody else, but who, in the end, turns out to be a totally different party—there is the cold-hearted woman of society; women of society are always cold-hearted—on the stage—there is the beautiful but heartless coquette—there is the young man who talks sentiment—there is a heavy villain who, for some unknown reason, is always desirous of kidnapping or murdering somebody—there is his depraved female accomplice in crime—there is a "soldier messenger" who talks continually of "his country," "the old flag," and "Uncle Sam"—there is an erratic gamin—there is the inevitable "funny young wo-

man"—there is a grand sensation scene—everything, in short, that goes to make up an approved local drama, and show us how love is carried on "at the present day and in this vicinity."

These characters and incidents are carried through five acts of very dismal dialogue, and become so confused and jumbled together that one comes away from the theatre with his brain in an inextricable tangle—not having any very clear idea whether Laura Courtland, the heroine, is Laura Courtland or whether she is Laura Byke, or, if not, who she is. All this is, perhaps, very delightful, and undoubtedly reflects infinite credit upon Mr. Daly as an accomplished dramatist, but in this hot weather the mental capacity required to unravel the plot of "Under the Gaslight" is somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary mortals—it might, perhaps, be well to hand around among the audience some slight explanation of the plot, as by this means they would not be in such a state of blank and hopeless muddle, and their minds might be put at ease regarding the identity of the heroine and other mysterious matters connected with this great effort of genius.

One of the best points in the play, from a locally dramatic point of view, is the great "sensation scene." Byke (Mr. Studley), accompanied by his pal Judas (Mrs. Wright), has come down to Long Branch for the purpose of robbing the residence of the Courtlands, and, as a matter of course, killing somebody. He has been tracked, however, by Snorkey, the soldier messenger, (Mr. Mortimer,) who overhears the plot and determines to rescue the Courtlands. He, in turn, is tracked by Byke, who overtakes him at the railroad station, pinions him with a rope, lays him across the track, and leaves him to be cut to pieces by the down-coming express train. Laura Courtland (Miss Eytinge), oversees all this proceeding, however, from the station-house, and rushes out just in time to drag Snorkey from the track when the train goes thundering past. All this is undoubtedly new, original, and in all conscience sensational enough to satisfy the most exacting local mind.

The play is fairly acted throughout, Misses Eytinge, Blanche Grey, Mrs. Skerret and Wright, Messrs. A. H. Davenport, Mortimer, Studley and Parsloe, representing their respective characters with considerable effect, while the local scenery is carefully and cleverly painted—the exterior of "the Tombs," "the piers of the Hudson River," and the "Down Express Train," (with two points of admiration,) calling forth outbursts of great delight from the audience.

Altogether, Mr. Daly may be congratulated upon having written a very remarkable play.

At Wallack's, a dramatization of Dickens'

"Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Little Nell," by John Brougham, was produced on Wednesday evening. Too late for notice this week.

The motion for injunction having been denied, "Caste" is still being played at the Broadway Theatre to large and enthusiastic audiences.

At the Olympic, "Pocahontas" has given place to "Flies in the Web" and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Mr. Brougham playing his inimitable Corydon Foxglove in the former; and Mr. H. S. Murdock, a crude but rather talented young actor, essaying the part of Jack Ragget in the latter, with some success. They have a remarkably clever sou-brette at this establishment in the person of Miss Alice Harrison, who, with study, promises to be one of our best, if not the best actresses in this particular line.

Next week we are to have Mrs. Lander at the French Theatre as "Elizabeth." Another moth!

SHUGGE.

THE INHARMONIOUS ORGAN-GRINDERS.—As a capital illustration of the ill-effect of want of harmony between man and wife, the following anecdote is presented for the consideration of our readers:

A German advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set, at the command of any one of the audience. This made a noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors or philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table, with its back against the wall; the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played; and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent. This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him had he not behaved most inharmoniously toward his loving wife one day, just before the performance. The room was crowded as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said in a soothing, coaxing manner—

"Do play, my coot organs."

Still not a sound was heard. He got out of patience and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out:

"Ay do; preak the organs as you proke my head dis morning."

This was too much for the choleric German. He took a chair and gave the instrument such a knock that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife.

Herr Goldberg has left London for the Continent.